

Christmas Day, 1918

By Blanche E. Holt Murison.

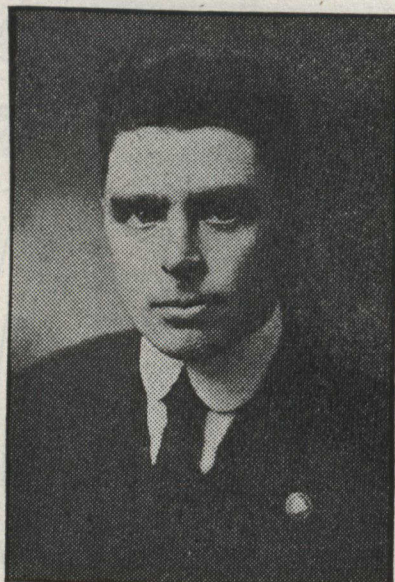
Out from the East in days afar,
Shepherds and sages followed a Star;
And Christmas Day was revealed to them
In the little stable of Bethlehem.

A Baby's head upon a Mother's heart!
How far is it—how far to Olivet—
How far the ways that meet, the ways that
part?
Only Love knows—and Love will not forget.

From East to West, when all the world grew
dark—
How far is it—how far to Calvary?
I hear the sound of marching feet—O, hark!
The echo of a Song floats back to me.

A memory of frankincense and myrrh,
A crown of thorns—and crimson stains that
gem
A broken trail with flow'rs of dawn a-stir:
Thus far, my soul—thus far to Bethlehem!

Out from the West in the days that are,
We, too, have followed a Shining Star;
And now it rests like a diadem,
O'er the little stable of Bethlehem.



J. A. PATON,
Corporal, 72nd Overseas
Battalion

Pauline Johnson's Grave

A lonely place, but good, in which to lie,
Alone for all save sun, and moon and sky,
And trees, and sea, and birds, and all those
things

Which with a kindly judgment our Creator
brings

Into our lives, to add a sweet refrain
To song of toil, that might too sad remain.

In life she loved each touch of Nature's hand
In sweetest words she told of golden sand,
Of restless sea, or softly gliding stream;
With native touch she wove a wondrous
dream.

Of sweet romance about the race from which
she came;

From the Redman's dying fires she has
wrought a lasting flame.

With fancy rare, and beauteous thought she
lived a charmed life;

With soul uplift by glorious song beyond all
sordid strife;

When spirits of another world had peopled all
her days,

What need for close companionship at the
parting of the ways?

Small wonder that in last long sleep such one
should wish to lie

Where the song that sings to dreamless rest
is Nature's lullaby.

L. R. T.

A Message

The business manager and publisher of this volume tenders his thanks to all who have assisted in its production. It was started in wartime. Peace coming quickly will bring the boys, with many stories of their adventures, home. It is impossible to get into this book a representative story of the men, what they have done and what their friends did for them.

This volume has carried out its original intention—"A TRIBUTE TO THE BOYS." Another volume may, at an early date, be more of a SOLDIERS' BOOK, more of a record of what British Columbia did in the Great War.

This book is the result of the idea submitted by the Editor, Mr. J. Francis Bursill, "Felix Penne," being followed by "immediate action." All the work has been done by the members of the Amputation Club with the co-operation of many friends. This is the first book of its kind produced in Canada and may be called "A Message on Reconstruction" for with the exception of the Editor and Business Manager, all were without previous experience of such work. Contributors advertisers and the public are thanked for generous support.